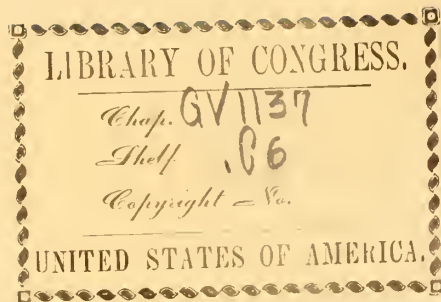


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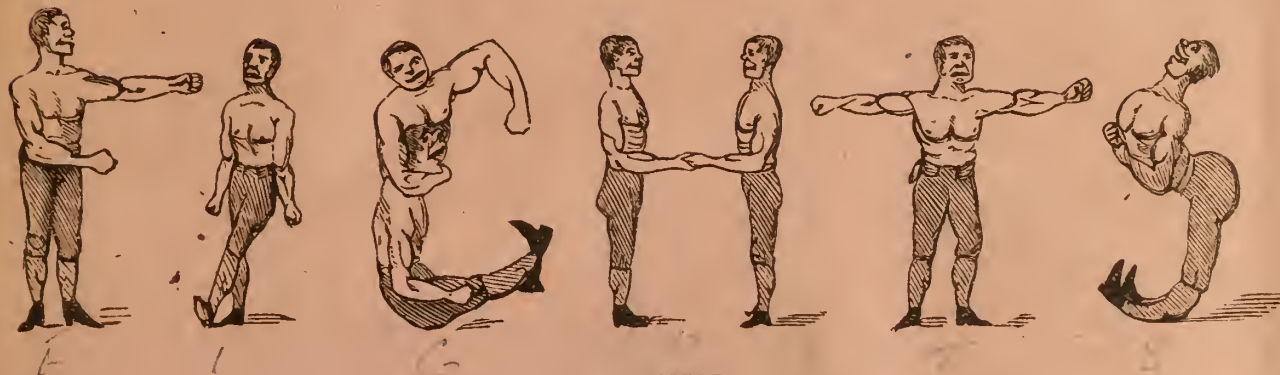
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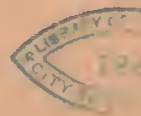
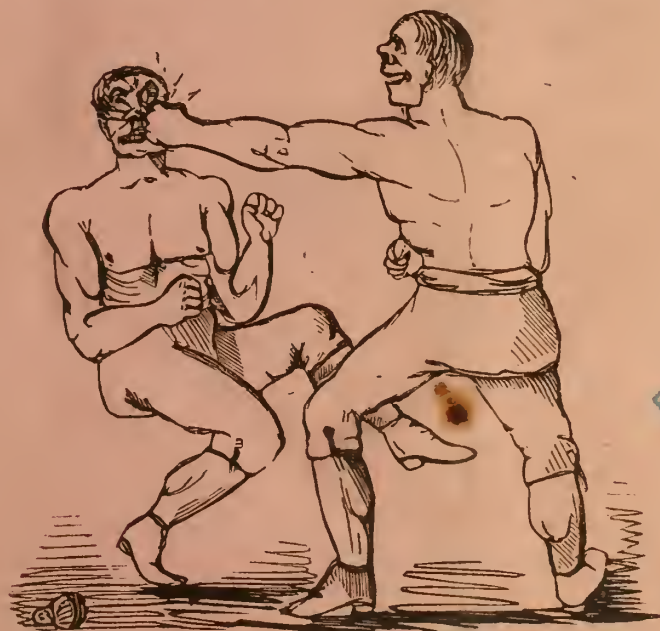


Comical



AND

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HUMORS OF PRIZE-FIGHTING;

OR,

THE FUNNY SIDE OF THE P. R.

A REVIEW OF

COMICAL FIGHTS AND FIGHTING COMICALS,

SHOWING HOW

THE "NOBLE ART" IS BURLESQUED.

AT first thought, no one would imagine that there was any thing whatever of a humorous character connected with the doings of the noble art of self-defense—in other words, prize-fighting. But there have been many exceedingly funny things written about it, and there are many ludicrous reminiscences connected with it, which, collected together, make a very interesting book.

The names that prize-fighters give to the various portions of the body are calculated to draw forth a smile, which sometimes broadens into a loud laugh.

There is always an appropriateness about them which no one can help but admire. The nose, for instance, is called the "smeller," or the "proboscis"; the stomach, the "bread-basket"; the eyes, the "peepers," or the "optics"; the fists, the "mauleys," the "strikers," the "batters," and the "bunch of fives"; the head, the "cranium"; the ears, the "listeners." If an opponent fail to appear in season, it is said he is not "on time." If one fighter gives a blow of sufficient force to draw the blood of his comrade, it is said that the sufferer "shed shis claret." If a heavy blow is sent into the neighborhood of the ribs, it is styled a "rib-roaster." Sometimes a man's head gets in ticklish quarters, when it is said to be "in chancery."

Prize-fighting is in vogue in most of the countries of the world. It is probably but little known, however, that the Japanese and Arabs had introduced the practice of wrestling matches between girls. An English traveler, not long since, witnessed one of these exhibitions, which took place at the Rapp Theater, in Stockholm Sweden. He describes the girls as being dressed in long-sleeved shirts, fastened around the throat, short loose trousers, tights, of course, and boots. The principal dancer picked out the girls one after the other; as the fate of each pair was decided, the vanquished girl retired to the back of the stage, while the winner stood on one side to wrestle again with others equally fortunate as herself. The girls dodged and gripped, and struggled in good earnest, and many were the mishaps to hair and garment, and many the strong white limbs exposed; while the ever-changing attitudes of their lissom forms, so unconsciously significant and graceful, deserved the lens of the photographer, or the sculptor's chisel, to confer undying immortality on Herr Rappo, the manager.

In our own country, as every one knows, prize-fighting is practised to a very great extent. Notwithstanding the many articles written against it in some of the papers, there seems to be no diminution in the number of the devotees of the prize ring. A poet, with an eloquence which can not but be admired, has recently written something about

THE MILLING MANIA.

The pounding fist outranks the pommelled sword—
The bruiser of belligerents the prince is ;
And valor's crest a "bunch of fives displayed
Above the motto, "In hoc signo vinces."

The "iron age" no mortal cares for now ;
Its champion fights provoke our scornful chuckles ;
For of its hardware knights, not one knew how
To spoil God's image with his naked knuckles.

Fancy St. George, dismounted and uncased,
Opposed to Coburn in a contest fistic !
Or Rowland, struggling, with a mug defaced,
'Gainst Aaron Jones in tourney pugilistic !

Imagine Bayard, "knight without reproach,"
"Rib roasted" by McCool, or Mace, or Heenan,
His "shutters closed," his "claret set abroad,"
And the spectators shouting, "What a green 'un !"

Some folks ignore the heroes of the ring,
Yet all the world's excited by their capers ;
And Satan knows they're just the only thing
One cares to glance at in the "moral papers."

How the "game chicken" was knocked off his "pins."
Or "raised a mouse" beneath the Slasher's eyeball,
People will read—the Lord forgive their sins—
With much more relish than the blessed Bible.



GIRLS FIGHTING AT THE RAPP THEATER IN STOCKHOLM.

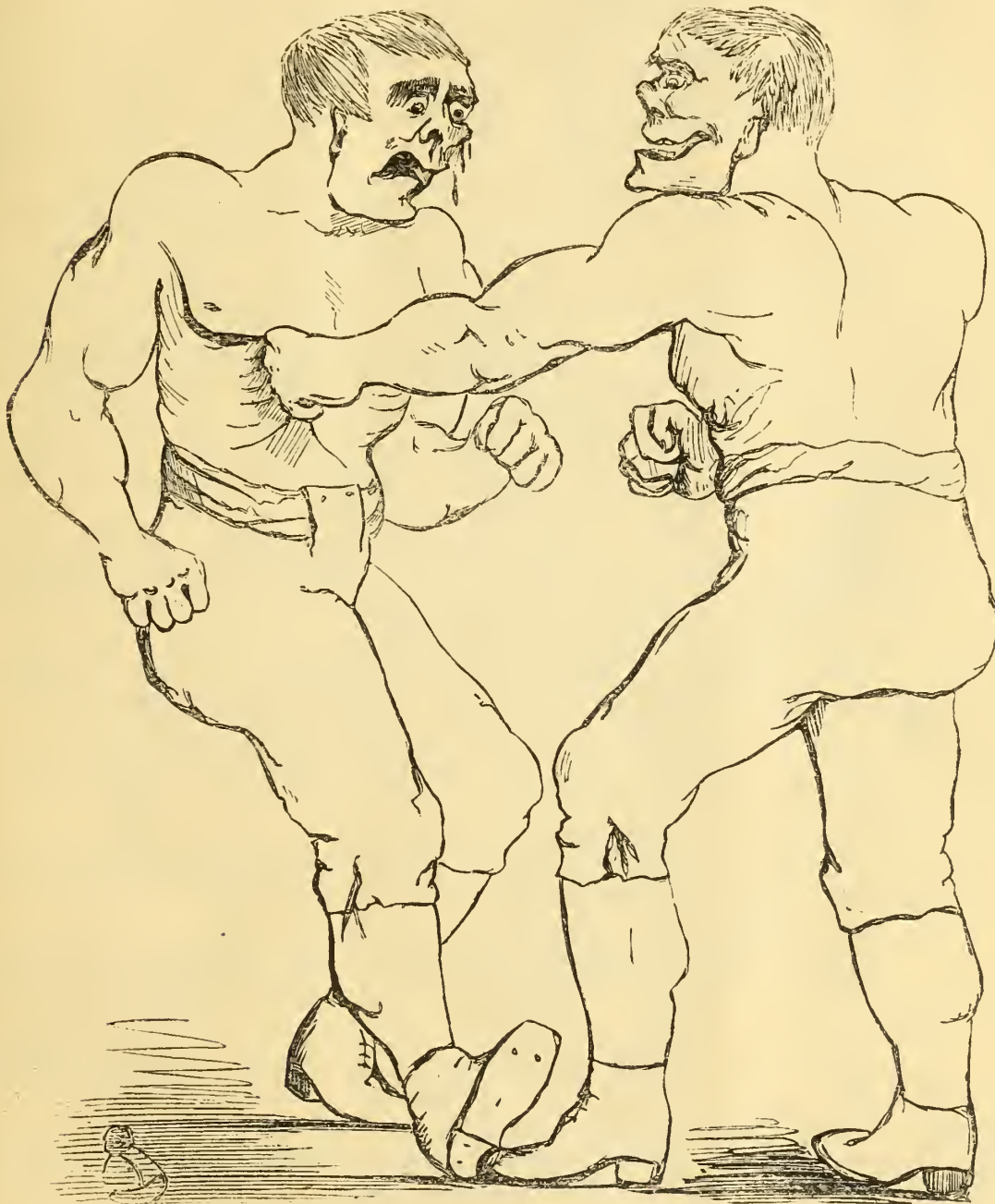
I've seen a few camp-meetings in my day,
Likewise some prize-fights between godless rivals,
And own, with shame, man's furor for a fray
Beats into fits his interest in revivals.

And, till the lion with the lamb lies down,
And Andrew Johnson bunks with Brother Beecher,
Fighting will flourish, boxers win renown,
In spite alike of constable and preacher.

There are a great many ways of describing a prize-fight, and we propose, in the present article, to give our readers a few samples of the different kinds of description. First of all there is the professional describer, the reporter who does the sporting news for the weekly sporting papers. He is generally a thick-set, chunky little man, with keen, black eyes, and black hair, cropped very short. He is an encyclopædia of information on all matters pertaining to the P. R. and prize-fighters generally; he has more interesting reminiscences to rehearse than any body else on that important subject. Nothing pleases the "sports" better than to gather around him of an evening, in one of the sporting club-rooms in the eastern part of the city, and hear him give accounts of some of the more famous prize-fights in history. Let us give an example of how the "sporting reporter" describes a prize-fight. The reader will notice it is exceedingly "professional," which it ought to be, considering that it is written for a paper which circulates almost solely among professional sporting men. Some time since, there was a fight out West, between a gentleman by the name of Rube Lewis and another gentleman by the name of Andy Steele. Having given a brief history of the origin of the match (there always is an origin to these fights), our reporter thus describes the rounds:

ROUND 1.—At twenty minutes past one, time was called, and both stepped forward confidently to their work and put up their props. Each prettily plied his left as a feeler, while his right effectually guarded the body. Some long but graceful sparring was indulged in, first one and then the other trying to steal a march on his opponent; finally, Steele, thinking his time had arrived, sent a well-aimed blow straight from the shoulder at Reuben's head, which the latter avoided by jumping back, smiling. Steele, however, wasn't going to give it up; so, following up his opponent, he got home light on his left listener, which aroused him to a sense of duty. They immediately came to close quarters, and the fight waxed warm. Steele got in several good ones on Rube's cranium, while the latter basted him good, in return, on the ribs, when a struggle for the fall ensued, both coming to the earth together.

ROUND 2.—Some scientific sparring ensued. Steele was first to make a break, which he did effectually with the left on Rube's claret dispenser, which made the ruby squirt in all directions. Cries of "Blood! blood! first blood for Steele!" which was allowed. They, by this time, got well together, and many a good thump was exchanged, Steele on the mug and neck, while Rube applied his right heavily to his bread-basket, and they went down fighting together.



A^{re} RIB-ROASTER

ROUND 3.—Coming up for this round the visitations of the former bouts were plainly visible on both men. Rube exhibited a large-sized mouse on the left eye, which nearly shut out “the light of other days;” his lower lip was very considerably swollen. Steele showed a very large sized “cabase,” a severe gash under the left eye, and over the temple; while the visitations of Rube’s right mauley told well on his left side, directly under the arm. They immediately went to work in earnest, both using their fists very rapidly, Steele on the facial region, and Rube on the bread-basket. They then fought to a close, and went down in fond embrace.

There is a grim kind of humor in that description, which may not be appreciated by the general public, but which is very satisfactory to the “professional.”

The description just given was of the detailed and witty character. There is a terse style of reporting these things, which is also very popular, and very much liked by the reader of the daily newspaper, who wishes to arrive at the gist of the matter without any “circumlocution.” An example of this sort of writing may not be out of place. It is selected from a report in a daily newspaper of a “mill” between “Bill Arnold” and “Teddy Duffy.” It may be well to state that this Mr. Arnold is not the gentleman who was conspicuous in the late Water-street revival. The rounds are thus described:

ROUND 1.—Both men worked very careful around each other. Arnold being the first to send out a feeler, he got in a light rap on Duffy’s face and sent in an upper cut on his jaw. Duffy made him a testimonial with a left-hander under the right ear and one on the ribs, when Arnold went down.

ROUND 2.—Arnold again led off, and sent home a “sharper” on Duffy’s left peeper. He rattled away for awhile on Duffy’s ribs, but finally got a crusher over the mouth, which made him drop to avoid another heavy blow that was aimed at his ribs.

ROUND 3.—Both men kept off for a while, when Duffy got in on Arnold’s cheek bone, drawing first blood. He got one in return over his nose.

ROUNDS 4, 5, 6, and 7 were fought cautiously.

ROUND 8.—Duffy sent in a sledge-hammer blow on Arnold’s ribs, knocking him off his pins. First knock down for Duffy claimed and allowed.

ROUNDS 9 and 10.—Arnold down.

ROUND 11.—Arnold having been knocked down in three successive rounds, made him look sharp. When he came up he got in a blow on Duffy’s nasal organ and dropped.

ROUND 12.—Both worked very cautiously. Arnold got in one again on Duffy’s nose, and dropped as before.

ROUND 17.—Arnold got in on Duffy’s jaw and ribs and went down.

ROUND 21. Arnold got a present in the mouth, one over right eye, and several on the ribs, while Duffy got very little punishment.

ROUND 24.—Arnold got in two very neat upper cuts on Duffy’s jaw and one over his right eye, which told badly for him, as it soon began to close, notwithstanding the efforts of his seconds to keep down the swelling.



IN CHANCERY.

ROUND 29.—This was a well-fought round ; both stood up to and punished each other about the head, when they finally closed, and Arnold was thrown.

But there is a comic side to the doings of the prize-ring, as there is to most every thing else in life. A very good take-off of the accounts of prize-fights was that of a little mill between the Fuliginous Fitzfoodle and the Aromatic Arabella—play or pay. It reads as follows :

'Twas night, and the Aromatic Arabella and the Fuliginous Fitzfoodle, in accordance with a previous arrangement—play or pay being the word—were seated in the garden. Both were in excellent condition, and showed the benefit of good training.

Arabella was a little too much in flesh, perhaps, but Fitzfoodle didn't carry an ounce of spare weight, and stepped smilingly into the ring, looking confident of winning.

The moon in the far heavens lay smiling and serene like a bottle-holder, while the stars looked down with their mild spectacular organs, seemingly ready to act as referees.

A clock in the neighboring kitchen called time.

Little was lost in preliminary sparring ; side by side sat the amative amateurs, grasping each others' mawleys. Indeed, it was a beautiful scene, calling back memories of the halcyon day when the Cohoes Chicken had a mill with the Skaneateles Sockdollager.

A counter or two, and Fitzfoodle nearly got his left fin round Arabella's ribs, his right still grasping her small and delicate bunch of fives.

"Is your money mine ?" asked Fitzfoodle in tender accents.

No reply was heard ; it was evident that this side-winder had knocked the breath out of Arabella.

But the demoralization was but momentary.

"I don't see it," she said, getting her left fin out of chancery.

This was one on Fitzfoodle's nob. He went down on his knees to avoid further punishment. At this there were cries of "fowl," "fowl," in a restaurant near by, and the victory was claimed for Arabella.

But Fitzfoodle refused to give it up, and both retired to their corners.

Arabella came up, looking game to the backbone ; Fitzfoodle, notwithstanding his late punishment, still smiling and confident.

"My parents are wealthy," he murmured, and again got his left fluke in on Arabella's ribs, and fibbing away until there was danger of a row outside the ropes.

"The figures ?" she gasped.

"A peach orchard in New Jersey," he returned, and with that put one in on her potato trap, which she returned with interest on his kisser. There was a lively round of sounding exchanges, and it was plain that from that time forth Fitzfoodle had the fight his own way.

Finding it useless to longer hold out, Arabella now threw up the sponge, closed her lovely peepers, and reposed her lovely knowledge box peacefully upon



FITZFOODLE HAD THE FIGHT HIS OWN WAY.

Fitzfoodle's manly bread-basket, utterly regardless of the fact that a huge musquito had tapped her bugle, and was drawing the claret at a fearful rate.

In that burlesque the terms used by the prize-fighter are simply transferred to the doings of Cupid. Now and then we have burlesques of real fights. Here is a sample of the "broad" sort. It is an account of a famous fight which occurred not many months ago. The burlesque was set off in one of the Western theaters. One of the participants (Jones) was represented by a light weight of one hundred and twenty pounds, while McCool had a prototype in a monster of over two hundred, preternaturally stuffed in the arms, breast, and calves. A drunken reporter had a conspicuous place in the foreground. They donned the gloves, and the battle commenced.

ROUND 1.—Tremendous sparring. Jones hit over the eye and knocked twenty feet

ROUND 2.—Jones comes up looking sick. Strikes out and takes McCool in the nose; McCool unconscious of the blow. Jones plugs him in the side; McCool doesn't observe it. McCool then hits Jones in the ribs, sending him clear through the ropes, the whole ending with two somersaults and an undescribable flop.

ROUND 3.—Jones comes to time slowly. He hits McCool and falls back himself with great violence.

ROUND 4.—Jones knocked out of time, off the stage, and, for all the audience can learn, through the east wall of the theater. McCool then scratches the referee, mashes the umpires, demolishes the reporters, and batters the spectators into a pyramid of insensibility.

Curtain falls.

This same famous fight took place "in little" in Chicago, the parties to it being two bootblacks named Tim Mulrooney and Tim Flaherty; officials were chosen and a ring formed. The battle, which grew out of a dispute about Jones and McCool, is thus reported.

ROUND 1.—Placing themselves in position, active sparring commenced. Flaherty, with both "batters" in play, soon discovered the advantage he possessed over his one-armed antagonist, and Mulrooney, finding his position of "short stop" very inconvenient, "went to grass."

ROUND 2.—Both parties came to the scratch when "time" was called, and St. Louis caught a "right-fielder" on his left optic. This made him see numerous "stars" in the windows of the Central Police Station, which was probably a delusion.

ROUND 3.—In this set-to Mulrooney "fielded" a center on his own proboscis, which "called" forth a red-hot "bawl," and he was nimbly caught "on the fly" by his second, who stood "on deck," prepared for such emergencies.

ROUND 4.—Both "strikers" came up smiling, and a "tick" from the "bat" of Cincinnati was partially "caught" by St. Louis, but being unable to hold it, he dropped on his "base," amid an uproarious yell of "muffin."

ROUND 5.—Finding himself in the position of loser, owing to the one-armed management, he brought his other "bat" into service, against the rules of the



LITTLE SNIGGS (SHOWING OFF HIS FRIEND)—“HERE’S A MAN THAT LICKED ME, AND NO DOUBT COULD DO IT AGAIN.” CITIZENS ARE OF THE SAME OPINION.

arranged programme, and it was instantly declared “foul.” But he heeded not the voices of umpire, referee, or captain, but continued to “field right and left until all the “whitewash” accumulated by the Excelsiors could not efface the marks of defeat received in this national sport.

Probably the best burlesque of any prize-fight which has ever been written, is that of a mill, which is said to have occurred between “Patsy, the Slasher,” and “Windy McGuffin,” of Herringtown. It is rather long, but we select some of the funniest parts :

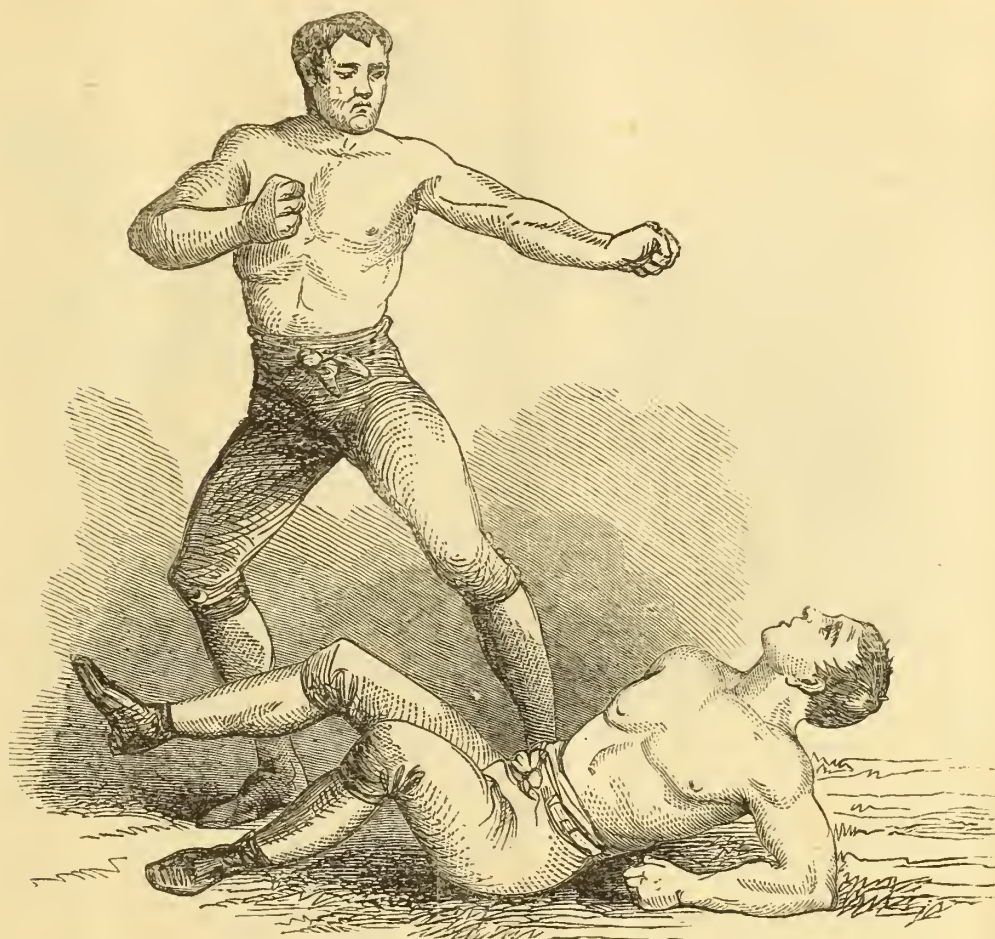
ROUND 1.—McGuffin appeared with his usual alacrity, reminding one of “Gaily the Troubadour,” meeting his opponent at the “Equator” with a friendly clasp, who returned it with looks favoring certain extracts from “Romeo and Juliet,” indicative of “Let Me Kiss Him for His Mother.” The usual greetings from the “Industrious Flea’s Department” encouraged the men ; numerous “Drum Covers” flew gracefully in the “Celestial District ;” wind and weather fair ; Music by the Band

being barred out, except from the "Band of Brothers" in each man's corner. Under these auspicious circumstances the "Ball" opened. Patsy star-gazed Mac with serenity (he having evidently been in the astronomical line since his late encounter); this was duly reciprocated by Windy, in a "Geographical" survey of the Slasher's "Mass." Slight intellectual developments of pugilistic science on the part of both here followed, when Patsy let go his port "Capstan Bar" with a run, gently reminding McGuffin of the old affection, and of his desire to reach the "Centuries," by staving in a "pane of glass" in Mac's "left window," following the same with a "steamer" from his other "cable" landing on Mac's "trunk" producing a "copious" flow of "elixir" from that gentleman's "blow 'em easy." Mac not seeming to relish this endearing evidence of affection, which caused him to take a "Bird's-eye View" of the World at one glance, administered a "man of war" from his right "kehoe," catching the "Slasher" on his "cheese detector," and sending the youth on a strawberry expedition, culminating in a "flip flap" on the usual bosom, amid raptures of delight from McGuff's corner, with loud cries of "first ruby," duly allowed the "Slasher," according to the latest rules.

ROUND 2.—Time being thrown out, as usual, from the "tobacco-masticating department" of time-keeper, Patsy came up, evidently from a "distillery." Mac, gamboling gently and nymph-like to the scratch, expressing, in his youthful "phiz," "Just Before the Battle, Mother," receiving for this poetical expression a perfect "elevator" (resembling a Chinese kite in fairy-like movements) on the extreme right of his "whispering department," loosening a "few tacks," and causing an eruption of Mount Vesuvius in that vicinity. Mac smiled viciously at this, and countered by again visiting Patsy's "cheese detector," letting out a little more "fluid extract," and receiving therefor a "complimentary benefit" in the immediate vicinity of his left "deafener," followed by a full "orchestra" in the "right jowl," causing Mac to think seriously of going into the drug business, and which provokingly made him see planets in the contrary direction, as with great velocity he proceeded, with surprising gracefulness, to "*father earth*," the hemisphere, in the meantime, having dropped stars to his fertile imagination, amid a loud and heavy chorus of applause from the Slasher's corner. Managerial performance in the opposite direction.

ROUND 3. Patsy came up at the usual call, somewhat aberrated, while McGuffin responded abstractedly, however, meaning "biz," as he at once "bent a pane" in Patsy's "right window," also starting a "sash" in his "left show-case." The Slasher returned a healthy one on Mac's "coffee cooler," starting another "tack," and getting for his trouble a nice one in the "demijohn," slightly damaging the basket thereof, and creating some consternation in the "commissary department," or which he gave Patsy a "base viol" in his "apothecary shop," causing that youth to play his "cornet-a-piston," *a la* "Bohem flute," which instrument had some broken bottles of claret in it, from all appearances. The Slasher now went down, to avoid getting another pane in his "right window," taking all the light out of the "camera obscura" of the same, as he sought "*father earth*."

ROUND 4.—Patsy came up slowly on weak stilts, Mac angelically. Patsy's



A FLOORER.

“viaduct” presenting the appearance of a “damaged cauliflower;” and Mac, with some shutters on his “right window,” and his left “show-case” severely damaged. Mac, however, proved game in this round, as he immediately proceeded to accept a position in the “blacksmithing business,” and scientifically raising his “right anvil,” hit the “Slasher” a “double ender” in his badly-damaged “looking-glass,” and sending the unhappy possessor of the game in search of the bosom of his old friend, Mac delicately proceeding to the open arms of his “two’s.” Musical grounds, “more ground than music,” from McGuffin’s corner.

ROUND 6.—Mac now appeared to become more loving than usual; but not having yet had “desert,” received hospitably from Patsy a perfect “tapioca” in his “Jonah’s homestead,” suggesting “As we Journey through Life, Let us Live by the Way.” Dr. Sniffins here came forward with a “jug” of “pain instigator,” and accidentally stepping upon the *neck* of one of the “ring-keepers,” was gently reminded

of his transgression, and kindly assisted to his original position; his "peepers" indicating "cloudy" weather, and causing him thereafter to remain docile.

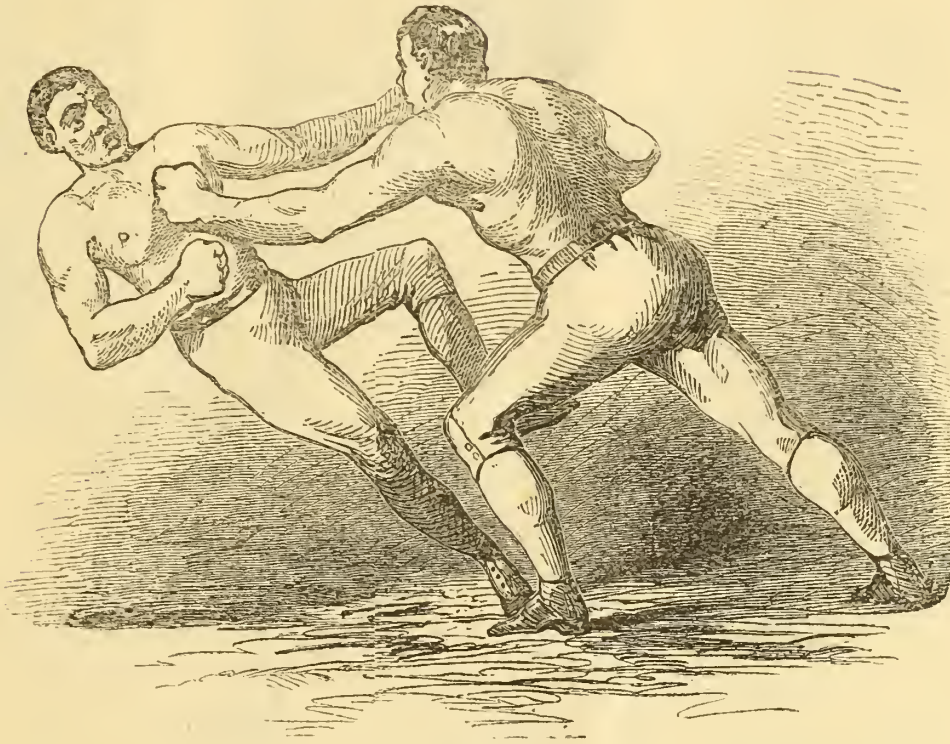
ROUND 7.—The customary "spirt," indicating readiness for the round to commence, having been given from the "praying department" of the "indicator," Mac was "boosted" by his esteemed "two" almost up to the "center of gravity," being received by Patsy, who was making queer attempts to laugh, (reminding us of a witch in Macbeth), with a "cautioner" again on Mac's "ejaculator," loosening another "spile," for which Mac returned a "refresher" from his right "fork" on Patsy's "point of indignation," opening a new "vat," and completely smashing up the remaining "vials" in that gentleman's pharmaceutical department, causing a heavy flow of sundry fluids of varied colors in that vicinity. Huge applause, creating a "big noise" in the "pocket-stuffin department" in Mac's corner. One youth essaying superiority in that place, here ejaculated, faintly: "Oh, Pass Him Gently Over." Patsy becoming somewhat disconcerted, kindly loaned Mac a "teaser" on the left "bellows," breaking a "hoop" or two, and starting Mac on a mission to "Ye Lands of My Dreams," and causing him to take a nap on the usual couch of mineral substance, from which he did not awake until time was called. And so on, almost *ad infinitum*.

This style of reporting prize-fights might be called the "verbose burlesque." Its chief merit, as will be seen by the reader, is the bringing together nearly all the professional terms used by sporting men. The writer, in nearly a dozen other rounds that were fought, is equally happy in introducing the various pet phrases of the P. R. Mac, we are told, received a "tapioca," (whatever that is), in his "Jonah's homestead." In one round both parties came up with a freer circulation in their "flutes." The "dernière department" of Patsy suffered considerably, but he made good his reputation by "chaschaying" on the "terra firma," more *terror*, however, than firm, and deposits himself heavily thereon, and so forth.

One of the last and most important rounds is thus described:

ROUND 8.—Amid predictions of a death in the family on the part of Mac, he "sailored" up to the "scratch" "earthquakely," being "Met by Chance the Usual Way" by the Slasher, who tapped him a "blinker" on the right "calcium," creating a momentary "glare" therein; following the game by raising his right "ton" and fearfully shooting it, with great velocity, into the left "sky rocket" of the now demoralized McGuffin, letting down the "skylight" thereof—darkness being now boss therein—and sending Mac, making several revolutions (having resumed the circus business) completely into the "sojourner's department," calling to memory's seat reminiscences of "I Would not Live Always, I Ask not to Stay," and demurely ending the round, amid a perfect chorus of delight upon the part of the Slasher's constituents. Large offers on Patsy, no takers, except "undertakers," who, in the shape of "Chevaliers d'Industrie," had relieved several wardrobes throughout the entertainment.

Most people who object to prize-fights say they are useless—that parties to it, previous to commencing operations, are perfectly friendly to each other, and, there-



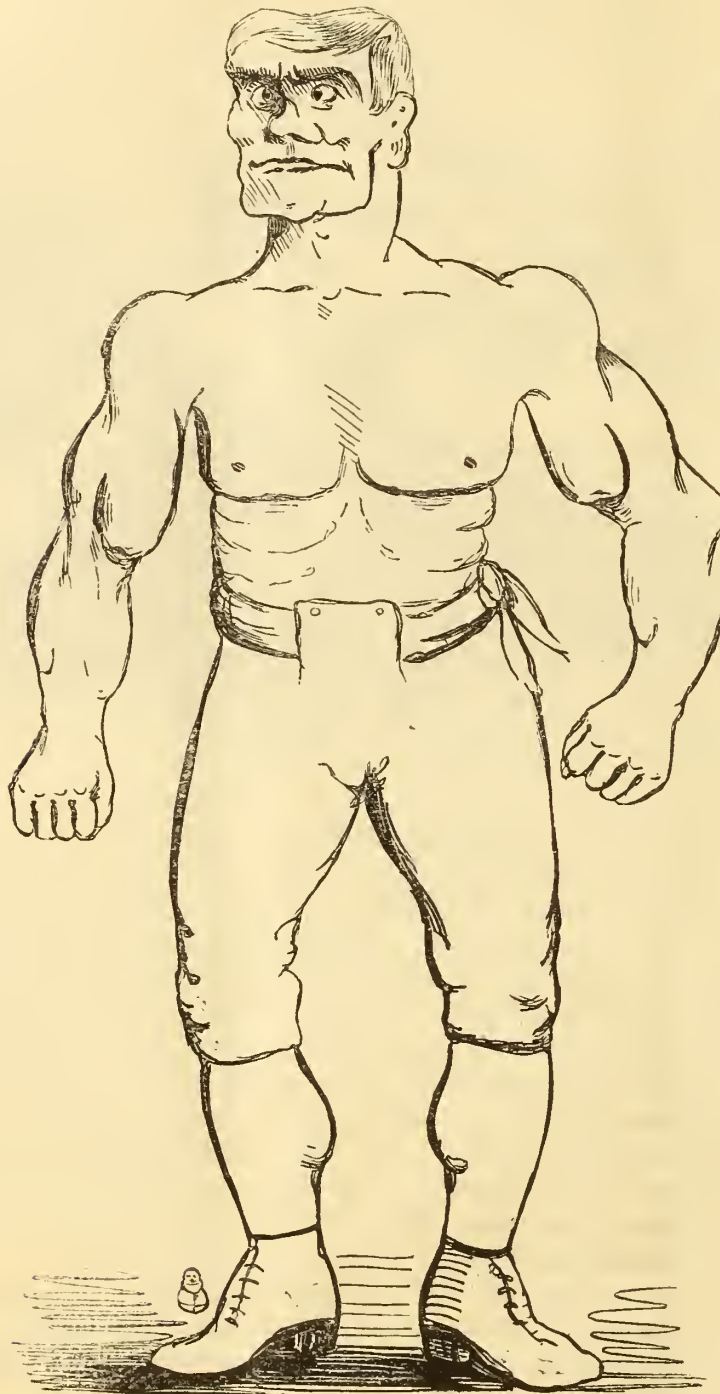
KNOCKED OFF HIS PINS.

fore, have no reason to engage in self-defense. People say there can be no self-defense where there has been no injury. But, now and then, prize-fights occur in which one or both of the parties has been, or feels he has been deeply wronged. We are indebted to a Western paper for an account of a spirited contest between "Big Sall," and Molly Brown, *alias* the "Rumbum." Jealousy, "the green-eyed monster," as might be expected, was the cause of this set-to. A very large number attended the fight, which took place on a small island near St. Louis. "Where are we going now?" inquired a gentleman in a white cravat when the boat had arrived. To which a sporting reporter replied, "to see a mill." "I don't *see* it!" was the sepulchral and innocent response. There were not many rounds fought. Such as they were they are thus described:

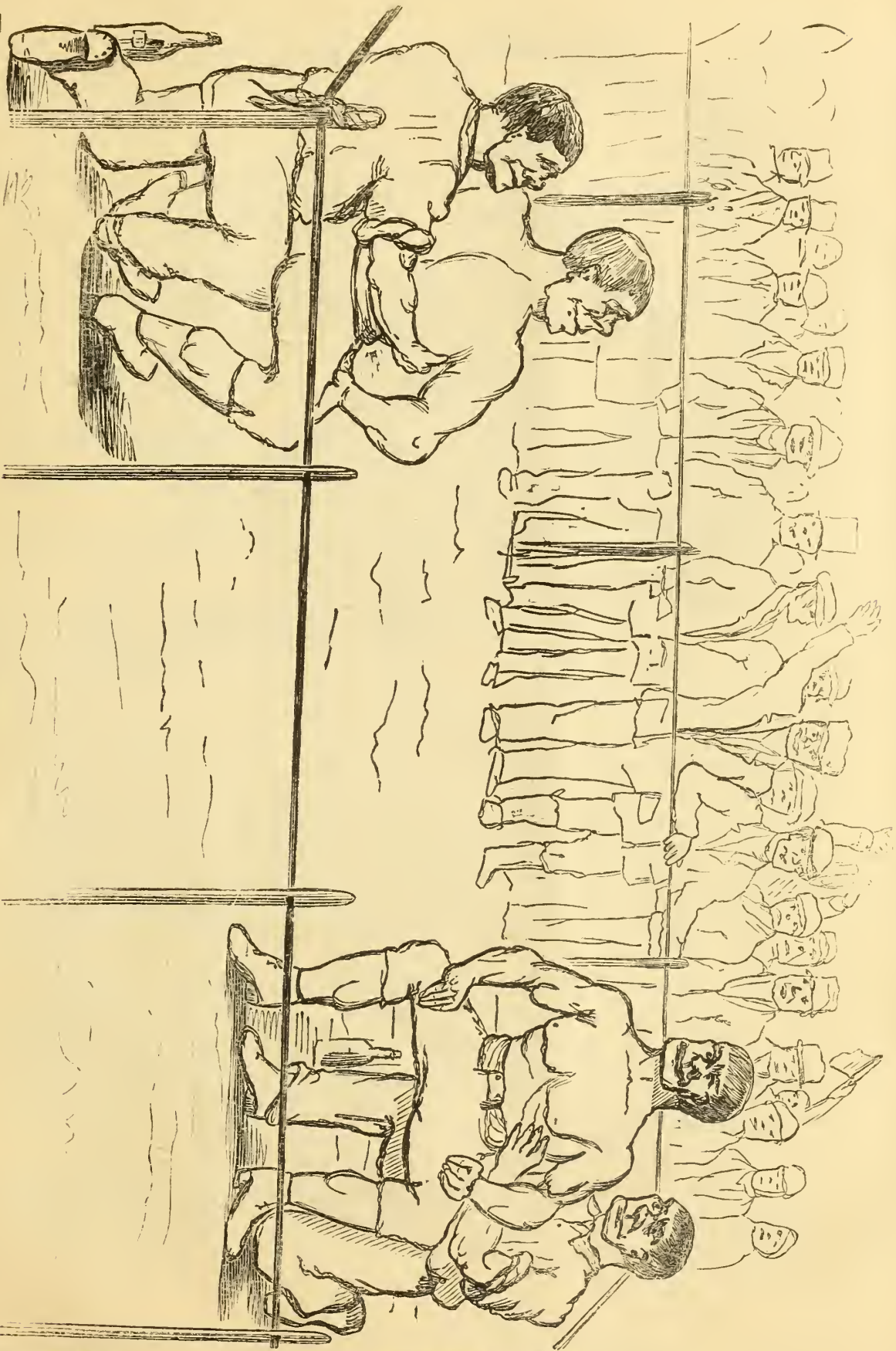
ROUND 1.—Sal comes up smiling. Rumbum eager. Exchange glances. Rum comes in on the smeller and Sal goes down. First knock down for Sal.

ROUND 2.—Rum rushing. Sal smiling. Rum knows her blows. Sal blows her nose. Rum goes down.

ROUND 3.—Sal gets Rum's chignon into chancery. First blood for Rum. Rum down:



A GENTLEMAN WITH WHOM WE SHOULD WISH TO BE ON GOOD TERMS.



THE RING.

ROUND 4.—Rum gets Sal's knob with a terrific smeller. Sal raps Rum's conch. Sal down.

ROUND 5.—Sal spars ; Rum swars. Sal knocks Rum's peepers into darkness. [Seconds bring out tea on a tray which goes down.]

ROUND 6.—Rum forces Sal's rats to the right of her smeller. Claret flows. Rum down.

ROUND 7.—Sal shows fine ; her waterfall bristles and she comes in with a terrific left-hand smasher under the conchetic chignon which demolishes her. [Seconds enter with roast chicken as refreshment. Cries of "Fowl! fowl!!" which is bolted down.]

ROUND 7½.—Sal caught a gregoriny on Rum's waterfall, rapped it with her left, and put her foot on it. Rum down.

ROUND 8.—Rum raised her tilter, broke through Sal's hoop, knocked her smeller over her waterfall. Sal down. Carried to her corner. Concussion so great that she "*threw up*" a sponge. So the doctors said after the fight.

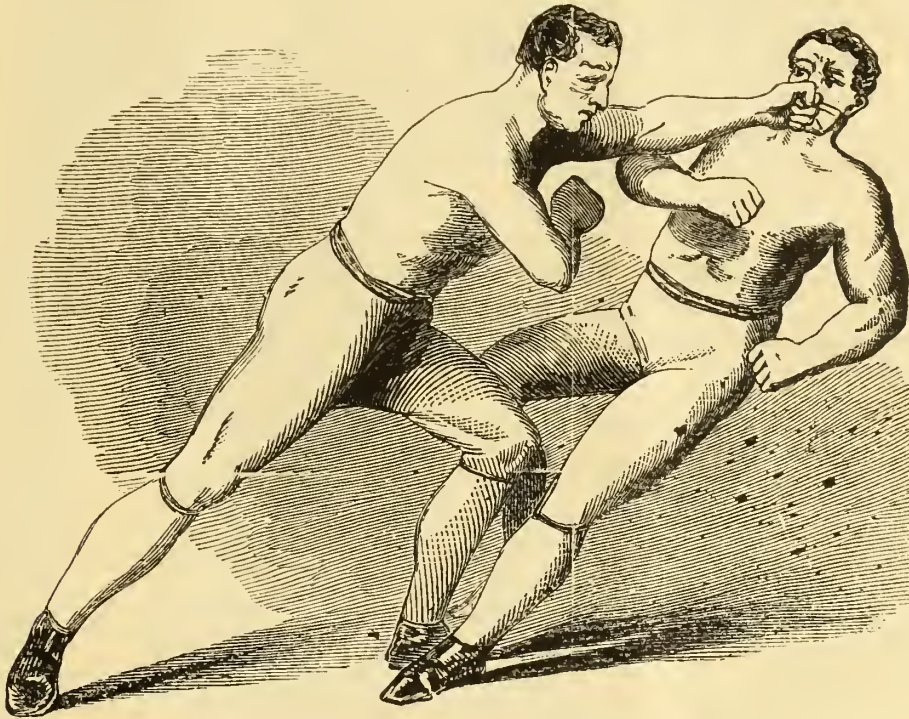
A few weeks since, near this city, there was a very interesting but somewhat novel mill between two lovers who had determined to settle their difficulties in the ring.

Both men were known in the Eighth ward under the classic names of Jim Denen, *alias* "Fatty," and Hugh Cafferty, who is also blessed with about a dozen *aliases*. It seems that both have resided with their ladies in a tenement house in Thompson street, near Houston. "Fatty's" inamorata is known as Fatty Stewart while Cafferty has been paying assiduous attentions to a fair one named Lou Allen. Both of these girls are quite young, and were for a long time engaged successfully in several Broadway concert saloons. For a long time a jealousy existed between these fair ones, causing several disputes between them, and on one or two occasions they have come to blows. Matters ran on for along time, the females taking every occasion to insult each other when they met ; but, finally, "Fatty," finding himself continually in hot water over the appeals of his mistress and her threats to discard him if he did not take up her quarrel, concluded to put a stop to matters, as Cafferty had also joined in the cause, and took every occasion to insult his (Fatty's) "Lotty." The result of all this was that "Fatty" finally consented to meet Cafferty. A lively "mill" was had, ending in the severe punishment of "Fatty."

There has been a very late case reported of two persons engaging in a "set-to" for the purpose of settling their difficulties. A political dispute arose the other day on the Baltimore railroad train, and one of the parties to it proposed to "make it up" by fighting, which proposition was accepted by the other. We will call the parties Bill and Mike.

After the usual hand-shaking, time was called, and the men got to work.

ROUND 1.—Commenced with the customary sparring, feints, and getting the length of each others' arms and style of hitting, and ended by both going down to avoid punishment.



TIPPING THE CLARET.

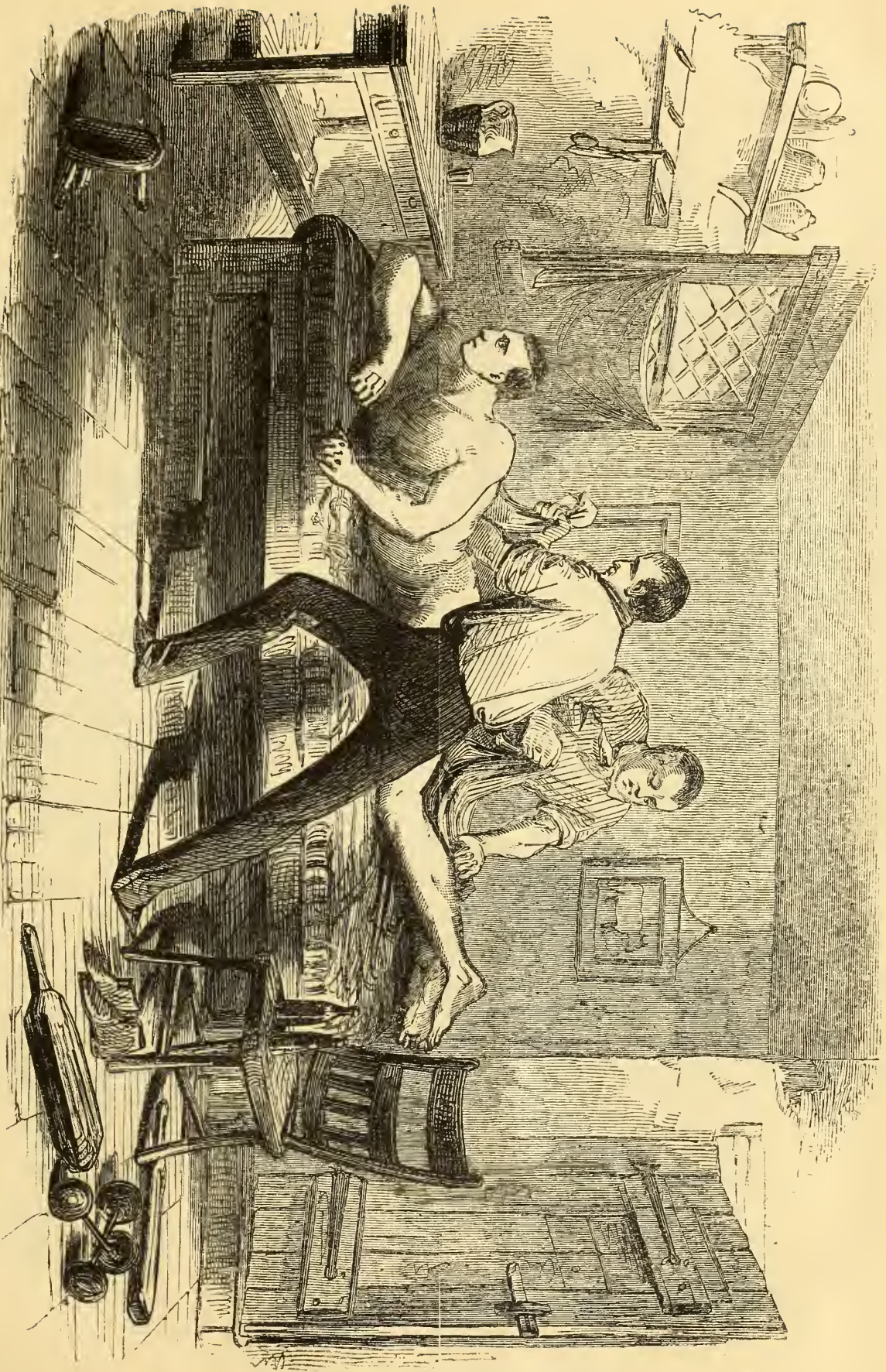
ROUND 2.—The men were admonished by the spectators that they must not have any more of that sort of humbug ; that they were assembled there for business, not trifling, and they accordingly set to work in earnest, Mike leading off with a projectile directed at Bill's portholes. The shot fell short, however, and was returned by a shell that exploded right on the New Yorker's figure-head. The boys then clinched, and in the struggle fell under the car seats, whence, as they were unable either to inflict or receive any punishment, they were dragged by their friends to their respective corners.

ROUND 3.—The men came up smiling, which exercise had a somewhat curious effect on the distorted features of Mike, and commenced hostilities without delay. Mike, smarting under his recent visitation, dashed in and scored a beautiful carom shot on William's proboscis, which highly diversified the landscape of that gentleman's classic countenance, and made him so excited that he launched out rather wild, bringing up with a ten strike on Mike's stomach, and landing him in the spittoon. This was claimed as foul by Mike's friends, and it certainly was, from the appearance of his pantaloons. Under the circumstances, however, I disallowed the claim, and directed the men to proceed, at the same time cautioning Bill to be more careful. My decision was appealed from by one party, and sustained by the other, whereupon a general fight ensued, the stove, with me on the top, being overturned in

the scrimmage. As pistols and knives began to appear rather liberally, I picked myself up and escaped unnoticed to the door.

On going out I discovered, to my astonishment, that the car was standing still.

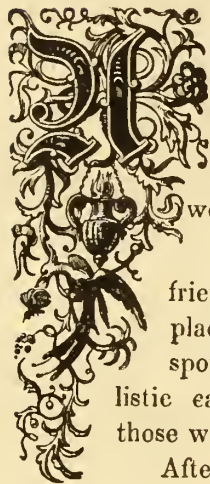
It will thus be seen, from the various instances which we have given, that there are many humorous things connected with the prize-ring. We do not give the serious side of the matter. There are plenty to do that, and even were there not, our imagination can conjure up, with sufficient accuracy, what must be the feelings of individuals who meet with the horrible punishment so lightly spoken of in these comic and burlesque reports. At any rate, if that is not sufficient we can fully satisfy ourselves by provoking the wrath of some gentleman who is prize-fightingly inclined, and he, no doubt, will satisfy us beyond all question, practically and scientifically, of the *painful* side of the picture.



THE "RUBBING DOWN" PROCESS.

A BRUISER IN SPITE OF HIMSELF.

THE PARSON IN A FIX.



OT many years ago a very amusing *contretemps* occurred in connection with a prize-fight between two celebrated knights of the digit on the outskirts of an English village.

Every precaution had been taken to avoid the interference of the police, and there seemed little doubt but that the trial of skill would take place without any interruption.

The inn at which Jim —, one of the contestants, and his friends put up the night preceding the fight—which was to take place at an early hour in the morning —was kept by a well-known sport, who had settled down quietly after an active and successful pugilistic career. He had promised to quarter his young acquaintance and those who accompanied him, and they were in good hands.

After the usual greeting, on their arrival, and when Jim had had his half pint of small beer—for no tender mother could possibly be more solicitous about the welfare of her babe than is the trainer of that of the fistic pet who is temporarily under his care—they sat themselves down at the round deal table before a glorious fire, with closed doors and windows—for it was a foggy November night—and chatted merrily of old times, and discussed the probable result of the coming contest.

At the proper time, Jim, *alias* the "Pet," was put to bed, and his three friends enjoyed themselves to their hearts' content with the jolly landlord, who told them many an exciting tale of his own early exploits in the ring.

"I don't expect any more visitors such a night as this," said he, "so we shall not be disturbed."

"No," said Tom Crow, "it's a pretty hard night for traveling; however, so long as it clears off a bit by morning, it may be as black as —"

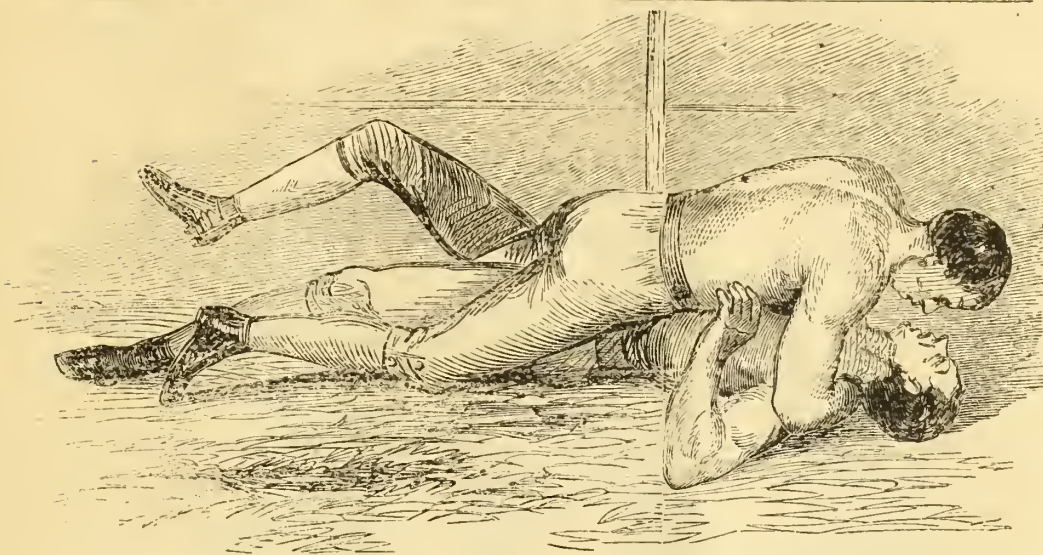
But the very forcible simile that was about to follow was cut short by the entrance of a tall, well-proportioned man, who, as he entered, from the position of the door, came almost face to face with Crow.

I said the simile was cut short; I was wrong; for it was unwittingly completed by the exclamation which followed the sudden appearance of the stranger.

"The devil!" cried our friend.

The new comer smiled, and said: "One of his children, perhaps, sir; but I am not his Satanic Majesty *in propria persona*."

At this time they were sitting with no light but that of the blazing logs on the hearth, which was all-sufficient, however, to render the features of the stranger distinct.



THE FALL.

“ Well,” said Tom Crow, “ I could have sworn this bloke was our friend Jim. I never saw two chaps so much alike ; but I axes yer pardon, sir, for I see you ain’t him, though if ever two men spoke and looked alike, you and Jim’s them.

Be it told that Jim, in order to escape detection, had traveled in a sort of clerical costume, and, in fact, his appearance resembled that of the gentleman who now addressed the host.

“ I have had the misfortune to miss the train to London, sir, and I hope you can accommodate me with lodgings for the night.”

By this time the three men had a little recovered from their astonishment at the very close resemblance which this person bore to their pugilistic friend, who was just then making night hideous with his snoring. There was the same jovial air and clear complexion, the closely shaved face, and the same sharp and distinct utterance, although the voice and air were much more refined. They all looked at him, however, with some suspicion, and the landlord hesitated somewhat, as he replied :—

“ I believe I can not accommodate you, sir ;” but noticing that the stranger was ill at ease, his hospitality overcame his scruples (as he considered it not improbable that the gentleman in question was a detective) and he cordially bid him be seated.

The other men, having the same suspicions as mine host, were evidently very ill at ease, and they eyed the clerical-looking gentlemen askance.

Having partaken of some slight refreshment, the clergyman—for such he really was, and a good, honest specimen of the cloth into the bargain—requested that he might be shown to his apartment, and the landlord preceded him to a comfortable little room adjoining that of Master Jim, who was driving his pigs to market at a furious rate.

"I wish to be called in time for the six o'clock train in the morning ; I suppose that will not inconvenience you, as I know country folk rise with the lark."

"There won't be any difficulty about that, sir ; we shall all be stirring betimes to-morrow morning, I warrant you."

"Well, then, I'll settle my score and bid you good-night."

The fourpence for bread and cheese and glass of ale—good ale too—and the shilling for the night's lodging having been handed over, they wished each other good-night, and the landlord, who was now fully satisfied that he had not a detective beneath his roof, for he was pretty fly in such matters, from long experience, rejoined his friends in the parlor, and soon made their minds easy on the subject also.

"Well, I could ha' sworn it were Jim or his ghost," said Crow, the trainer, who naturally enough, had "Jim" on the brain.

"There is a close resemblance," answered the landlord, "but there ain't no mistaking them when we sees 'em by broad daylight. These here tallow candles is deceptive."

"Yes, I s'pose it takes about twenty-four like that as you've got in your hand to go to a total darkness."

"Ha ! ha ! well, I s'pose one ou 'em 'll light you gents up to bed, now."

Nothing loath, they bade their host good-night, and having been shown to their rooms, were soon getting up an opposition to Jim's performance in the snoring line.

But that gentleman's familiar was too wide awake to sleep beyond the hour at which the "Pet" was to be awakened ; so, having performed his own unassuming toilet in the dark—for they had foolishly allowed their candle to burn itself out—he proceeded quietly, not wishing to disturb the landlord or the clerical gentleman, and opening the door on the opposite side of the passage, whispered :

"It's time."

"Is it ?"

"Yes ; but you may stretch yourself for five minutes. My ! what a morning ; here's the fog a pouring in every where ; I can't see your bed, and I ain't got no light, neither."

"It's a bad morning ; what's the time ?"

"Just five ; ain't got too much time ; we starts at six."

"Yes, and I wouldn't lose it on any account."

"No ; and I ain't goin' to let you lose it, either, if I can help it."

"It's very good of you to take such an interest in me."

"Stuff ; ain't I as much consarned for you as ever I were for nobody ?"

Our good friend was, it is seen, more expressive than grammatical in his language.

"But, I say," he continued, "do you know we've got a cussed parson in the house ?"

"Don't speak in that way, my friend, for I am a parson myself."

"Yes, you're a pretty parson, *you* are ; ha ! ha ! that's pretty good for you, that is. Well, now, s'pose I rubs yer down ?"



DOCTORING.

"Thank you ; I can do all the rubbing down I want myself."

"We're werry independent, we are, all of a suddin ; well, you just get along as well as you can, and I'll go and hitch the 'oss in, so that we may be up to time. Them other blokes must take the old mare."

A short time elapsed, and Tommy Crow had hitched the 'oss, knocked at all the doors to awaken the sleepers, and having provided himself with the huge cloak wherein to swaddle the "Pet," he ran quickly up the stairs, and, entering the room, enveloped his friend in said cloak, notwithstanding his assertion that he did not need it.

"You ain't a goin' to shiver in that there conveyance, not if I knows it."

"Well, you're a good-hearted fellow, I must own. I'll not refuse it ; but don't

you think our friends up stairs are more entitled to a seat in your chaise than I am?"

"They be blowed; my business is to look after you, and I'll do it, or my name ain't Tom Crow. Now, you look here; I wants to give you a few last words of advice. I knows the man you're goin' to deal with, and what I've got to say to you is this—whenever you gets a chance put it in low."

"Put it in low?"

"Yes; he ain't got no wind whotsomedever; not enough to fill a pair of parlor bellows." They were now trotting along the high road. "I says again, put it in low."

"Put it in low?"

"There ain't no use in your repeating my words, only you just remember what I says. He generally blinds his men, the 'Bantam' do, so look out for him; he'll do his best to bung up your peepers. Some men puffs up quicker than others. You're just the sort of bloke to puff up; last time as I hit you you puffed up. But you're firm on your pins, and as long as you can see, the 'Bantam' can't cook your goose."

"Cook my goose?"

"No, I'm blowed if he can. So keep up your pluck. By thunder, how foggy it is—can't see the horse's head." It was indeed very foggy.

"I hope you know the way?" asked the gentleman who was "firm on his pins."

"Every inch of it. I recoutered the verry spot twice last year."

"You seem to think that I am in danger of being attacked?"

"Well, that depends, you see. If I was yer, I'd begin the attack myself. It ain't no use a wasting one's strength by tom-fooling 'round; he's a pretty rough customer, and fust blood tells."

"First blood tells?"

"Yes, it do. The man as gets fust blood allus seems more gamey than t'other. I've remarked it. So you go in for fust blood, cockey."

"My friend, I shall go in for nobody's blood; and if you think I am in danger of being attacked, I hope you'll second me."

"Why, on course I shall second you all the time. You're not a goin' to show the white feather now, are you?"

"No, I hope I shall be prepared for any emergency. Do you expect this terrible person will be at the station? It is not a pleasant thing to be set upon in a fog like this."

"There ain't a goin' to be no fighting till it clears up a bit, I'll promise you that."

"Well that's a comfort."

"I tell you what it is, young man, I has my doubts of your pluck."

"I own I wish that I was safe on the train for London."

"You do, do you?"

"Most fervently!"

"And you don't want to fight?"

"Heaven forbid!"

"Damme! then you shan't. I ain't a goin' to forfeit my reputation. Now, tell me once for all, are you a joking, or do you wish to avoid this fight?"

"I do wish to avoid it!"

Poor Tommy was now almost in tears. He heaved a deep sigh, stopped the horse, bid his friend dismount, pointed in the direction of the railway station, and, with an oath that made his late companion jump almost six feet in the air, bid him never cross his path again, and drove off to announce to those who by this time were on the scene of the intended fight that the Pet had disgraced himself. There was a general confusion when the news was heard. The "Bantam," of course, claimed the stakes, and they were just about to depart when Jim, accompanied by his friends, appeared upon the scene. Tommy was bewildered.

"You're a pretty fellow to go off and leave me just at this time, yor are! If it hadn't a been for the landlord here I should have been sleeping now, instead of being where I ought to be, up to the scratch."

It did not take long to discover, to the immense amusement of the crowd, that poor Tommy—who was a little deaf, and could not so easily discriminate—had been paying those delicate attentions to the parson which ought to have been bestowed on "Jim." He had mistaken the door, and when he addressed the parson that gentleman was by no means surprised, since he imagined that the attentive host had sent some one to see that he did not lose his train, and he imagined, besides, that the ride in the chaise was also due to the landlord's kindness.

It may be as well to state that Jim, much to Tommy's delight, not only "put it in low," but high as well; got "first blood," was not very much "puffed up," and after some hard work came off victorious.

The following announcement appeared in a London paper the next day:

"The Rev. Mr. Higginbotham, of Blatherfield, had a narrow escape with his life yesterday morning. A raving lunatic, who had evidently escaped from his friends into a horse and chaise, with the cunning which is common to such unfortunates, induced the unsuspecting gentleman to enter his vehicle, after nearly choking him with a huge cloak (now in the hands of the police authorities, that it may be returned to the poor creature's friends), and insisted upon his fighting imaginary individuals. With extraordinary courage and presence of mind, however, just as the maniac's grasp was on his throat, the Rev. Mr. Higginbotham threw himself from the vehicle, and arrived at the railway station in time for the express train, which bore him in safety to his friends."

It may be well imagined that poor Tommy did not hear the last of the affair for a considerable period, and, for some time, he writhed under the *sobriquet* of "Mad Tom."

The latest Authorized Rules of the Prize Ring.

1. That the ring shall be made upon turf, and shall be four-and-twenty feet square, formed of eight stakes and ropes, the latter extending in double lines, the uppermost line being four feet from the ground, and the lower two feet from the ground. That in the center of the ring a mark be formed, to be termed a scratch; and that at two opposite corners, as may be selected, spaces be inclosed by other marks sufficiently large for the reception of the seconds and bottle-holders, to be entitled "the corners."

2. That each man shall be attended to the ring by a second and a bottle-holder, the former provided with a sponge, and the latter with a bottle of water. That the combatants, on shaking hands, shall retire until the seconds of each have tossed for choice of position, which adjusted, the winners choose his corner according to the state of the wind or sun, and conduct his man thereto, the loser taking the opposite corner.

3. That each man shall be provided with a handkerchief of a color suitable to his own fancy, and that the seconds proceed to entwine these handkerchiefs at the upper end of one of the center stakes. That these handkerchiefs shall be called "the colors," and that the winner of the battle, at its conclusion, shall be entitled to their possession, as the trophy of victory.

4. That two umpires shall be chosen by the seconds or backers to watch the progress of the battle, and take exception to any breach of the rules hereafter stated. That a referee shall be chosen by the umpires, unless otherwise agreed on, to whom all disputes shall be referred; and that the decision of this referee, whatever it may be, shall be final and strictly binding on all parties, whether as to the matter in dispute or the issue of the battle. That the umpires shall be provided with a watch, for the purpose of calling time; and that they mutually agree upon which this duty shall devolve, the call of that umpire only to be attended to, and no other person whatever to interfere in calling time. That the referee shall withhold all opinion till appealed to by the umpires, and that the umpires strictly abide by his decision without dispute.

5. That on the men being stripped, it shall be the duty of the seconds to examine their drawers, and if any objection arises as to insertion of improper substances therein, they shall appeal to their umpires, who, with the concurrence of the referee, shall direct what alterations shall be made.

6. That in future no spikes be used in fighting boots except those authorized by the Pugilistic Benevolent Association, which shall not exceed three-eighths of an inch from the sole of the boot, and shall not be less than one-eighth of an



AFTER A LITTLE MANŒUVERING FITZFOODLE PUTS IN ONE NEATLY ON SOPHA NISBA'S POTATO-TRAP.

inch broad at the point; and it shall be in the power of the referee to alter or file, in any way he pleases, spikes which shall not accord with the above dimensions, even to filing them away altogether.

7. That both men being ready, each man shall be conducted to that side of the scratch next his corner previously chosen; and the seconds on the one side, and the men on the other, having shaken hands, the former shall immediately return to their corners, and there remain within the prescribed marks till the round be finished, on no pretense whatever approaching their principals during the round, under a penalty of five shillings for each offense, at the option of the referee. The penalty, which will be strictly enforced, to go to the funds of the Association. The principal to be responsible for every fine inflicted on his second.

8. That, at the conclusion of the round, when one or both of the men shall be down, the seconds and bottle-holders shall step forward and carry or conduct their principal to his corner, there affording him the necessary assistance, and that no person whatever be permitted to interfere in this duty.

9. That, at the expiration of thirty seconds (unless otherwise agreed upon), the umpire appointed shall cry "Time," upon which each man shall rise from the knee of his bottle-holder and walk to his own side of the scratch, unaided, the seconds and bottle-holders remaining at their corner; and that either man failing so to be at the scratch within eight seconds, shall be deemed to have lost the battle.

10. That on no consideration whatever shall any person be permitted to enter the ring during the battle, nor till it shall have been concluded; and that, in the event of such unfair practice, or the ropes and stakes being disturbed, or removed,

it shall be in the power of the referee to award the victory to that man who, in his honest opinion, shall have the best of the contest.

11. That the seconds and bottle-holders shall not interfere, advise, or direct the adversary of their principal, and shall refrain from all offensive and irritating expressions, in all respects conducting themselves with order and decorum, and confine themselves to the diligent and careful discharge of their duties to their principals.

12. That, in picking up their men, should the seconds or bottle-holder wilfully injure the antagonist of their principal, the latter shall be deemed to have forfeited the battle on the decision of the referee.

13. That it shall be "a fair stand-up fight," and if either man shall wilfully throw himself down without receiving a blow, whether blows shall have previously been exchanged or not, he shall be deemed to have lost the battle; but that this rule shall not apply to a man who, in a close, slips down from the grasp of his opponent to avoid punishment, or from obvious accident or weakness.

14. That butting with the head shall be deemed foul, and the party resorting to this practice shall be deemed to have lost the battle.

15. That a blow struck when a man is thrown or down shall be deemed foul. That a man with one knee and one hand on the ground, or with both knees on the ground, shall be deemed down; and a blow given in either of those positions shall be considered foul, providing always that, when in such position, the man so down shall not himself strike or attempt to strike.

16. That a blow struck below the waistband shall be deemed foul, and that, in a close, seizing an antagonist below the waist, by the thigh, or otherwise, shall be deemed foul.

17. That all attempts to inflict injury by gouging, or tearing the flesh with the fingers or nails, and biting, shall be deemed foul.

18. That kicking, or deliberately falling on an antagonist, with the knees or otherwise, when down, shall be deemed foul.

19. That all bets shall be paid as the battle-money, after a fight is awarded.

20. That no person, on any pretense whatever, shall be permitted to approach nearer the ring than ten feet, with the exception of the umpires and referee, and the persons appointed to take charge of the water or other refreshments for the combatants, who shall take their seats close to the corners selected by the seconds.

21. That due notice shall be given by the stakeholder of the day and place where the battle-money is to be given up, and that he be exonerated from all responsibility upon obeying the direction of the referee; and that all parties be strictly bound by these rules; and that in future all articles of agreement for a contest be entered into with a strict and willing adherence to the letter and spirit of these rules.

22. That, in the event of magisterial or other interference, or in case of darkness coming on, the referee shall have the power to name the time and place for the next meeting, if possible, on the same day, or as soon after as may be.

23. That, should the fight not be decided on the day, all bets, instead of being

drawn, shall be put together and divided, unless the fight shall be resumed the same week, between Sunday and Sunday, in which case the bets shall stand and be decided by the event. That where the day named in the article for a fight to come off is altered to another day in the same week, bets shall stand. The battle-money shall remain in the hands of the stakeholder until fairly won or lost by a fight, unless a draw be mutually agreed upon.

24. That any pugilist voluntarily quitting the ring previous to the deliberate judgment of the referee being obtained, shall be deemed to have lost the fight.

25. That, on an objection being made by the seconds or umpires, the men shall retire to their corners, and there remain until the decision of the appointed authorities shall be obtained ; that, if pronounced " foul," the battle shall be at an end, but if " fair," " time " shall be called by the party appointed, and the man absent from the scratch in eight seconds after shall be deemed to have lost the fight. The decision, in all cases, to be given promptly and irrevocably, for which purpose the umpires and the referee should be invariably close together.

26. That if, in a rally at the ropes, a man steps outside the ring to avoid his antagonist or to escape punishment, he shall forfeit the battle.

27. That the use of hard substances, such as stones or sticks, or of resin in the hand during the battle, shall be deemed foul, and that, on the requisition of the seconds of either men, the accused shall open his hands for the examination of the referee.

28. That where a man shall have his antagonist across the ropes in such a position as to be helpless, and to endanger his life by strangulation or apoplexy, it shall be in the power of the referee to direct the seconds to take the men away, and thus conclude the round, and that the man or his seconds refusing to obey the direction of the referee, shall be deemed the loser.

29. That all stage fights be as nearly as possible in conformity with the foregoing rules.

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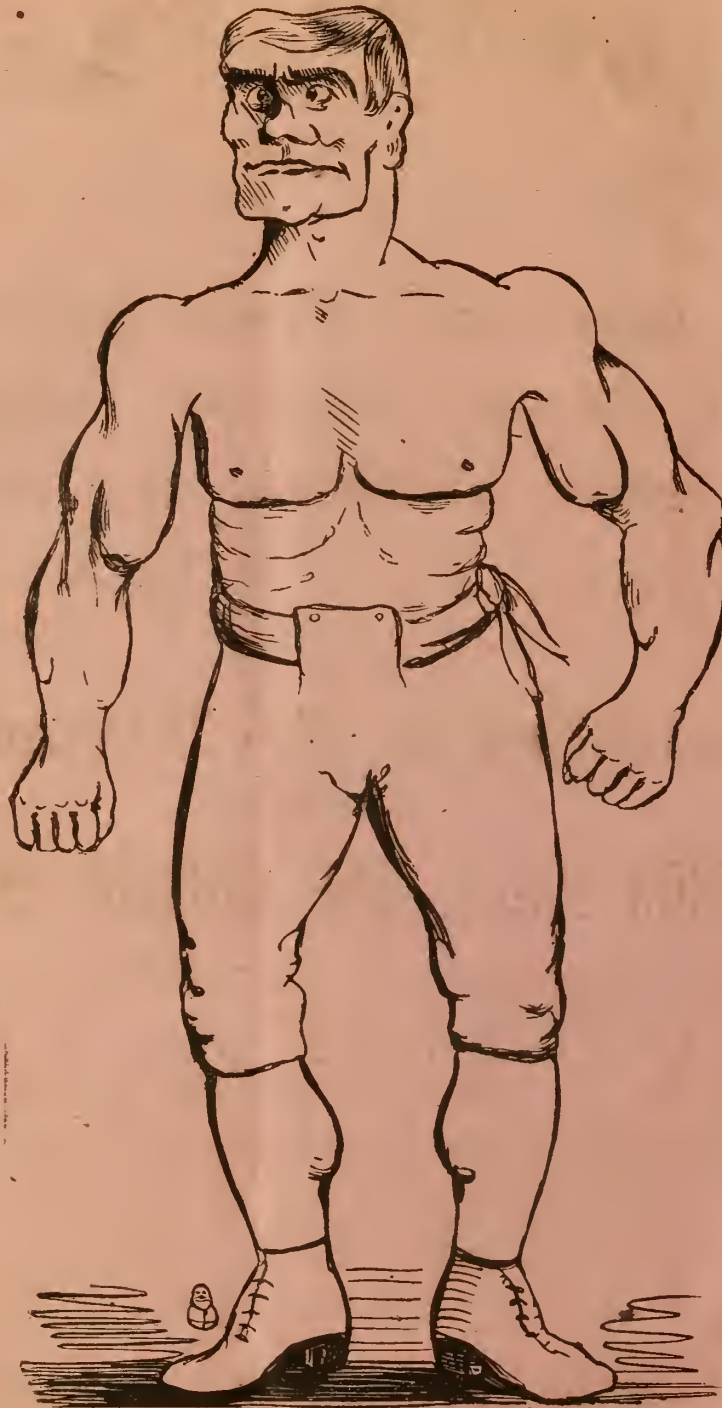
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